BREATHS OF GOD

Hymns New and Old.

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Published by

EDWARD ELLIS CARR,

DANVILLE, ILLINOIS.

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Breaths of God

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God Breathed into His Nostrils the *Breath of Lives*, and Man became a Living Soul.—*Gen. 2-7.*

There is a Spirit in Man; and the *Breath* of the Almighty giveth him Understanding.—*Job 32-8.*

All *Writings*, *God-breathed*, are Profitable.—*II Tim. 3-16.*

Come from the Four Winds, O BREATH, and Breathe upon these Slain that They may Live.—*Ezek. 37-9.*

The Winds that o'er my Ocean run
Reach Through All Worlds beyond the Sun;
h Fate, through Time—
o Sublime!

—*D. A. Wasson.*

, Inspiration Songs. Not one
eft out. This abridged edition
k, but we shall try to measure

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PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL FOR THE MINISTRY
QUI MINISTRARI SED MINISTRARE
INCORPORATED
MAY 12, 1906

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

THE GIFT OF

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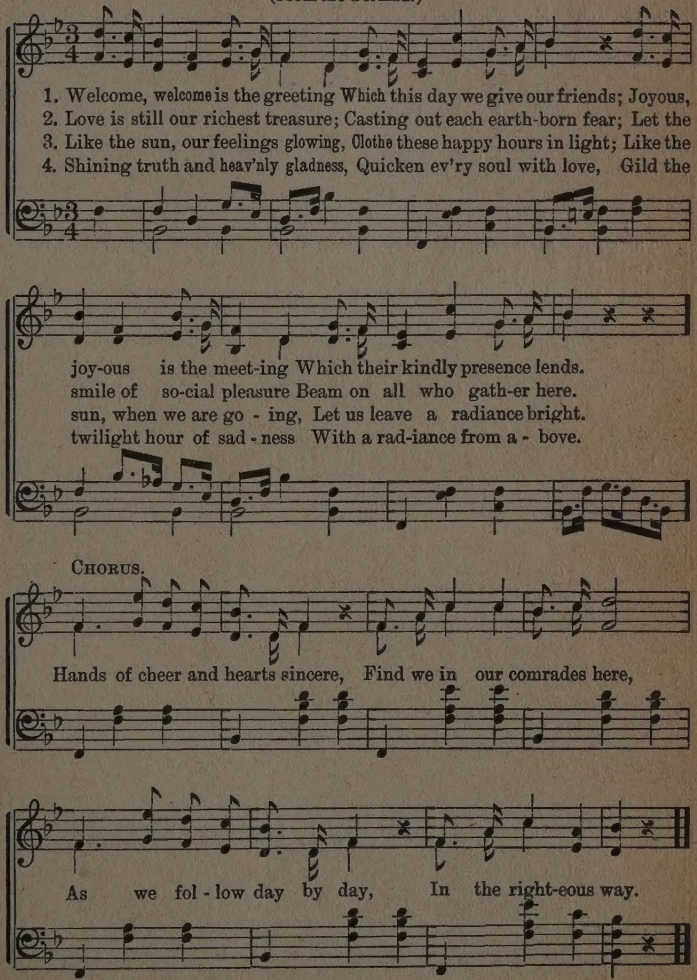
Breaths of God.

No. 1. Welcome! Welcome!

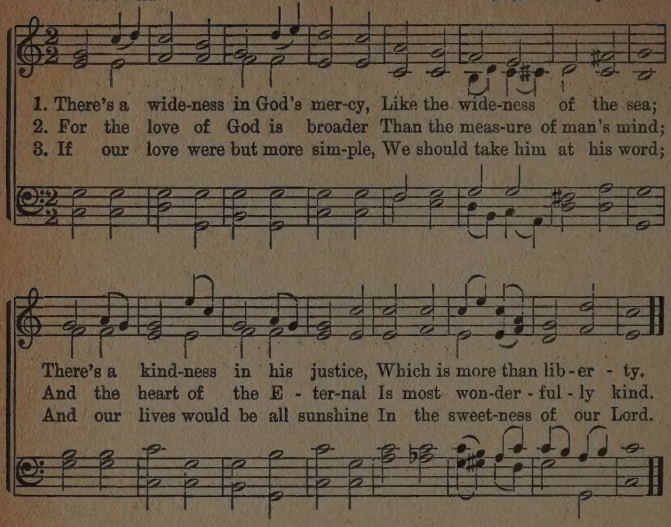
(From the Germau.)


1. Welcome, welcome is the greeting Which this day we give our friends; Joyous,
2. Love is still our richest treasure; Casting out each earth-born fear; Let the
3. Like the sun, our feelings glowing, Clothe these happy hours in light; Like the
4. Shining truth and heav'nly gladness, Quicken ev'ry soul with love, Gild the
joy-ous is the meet-ing Which their kindly presence lends.
smile of so-cial pleasure Beam on all who gath-er here.
sun, when we are go - ing, Let us leave a radiance bright.
twilight hour of sad - ness With a rad-iance from a - bove.
CHORUS.
Hands of cheer and hearts sincere, Find we in our comrades here,
As we fol - low day by day, In the right-eous way.

22176

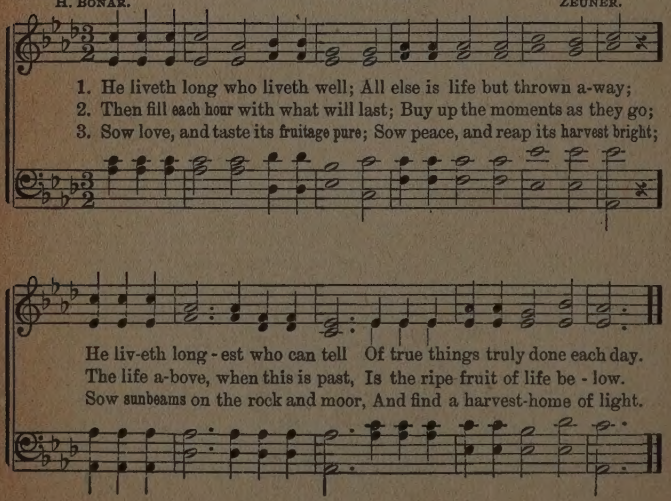
No. 2. God's Mercy.

F. W. FABER. LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.


1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. For the love of God is broader Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
3. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take him at his word;
There's a kind-ness in his justice, Which is more than lib-er - ty.
And the heart of the E - ter-nal Is most won-der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

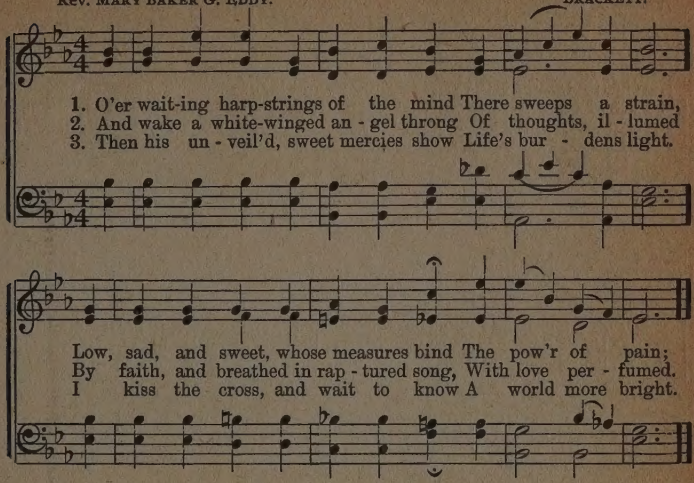
No. 3. True Living.

H. BONAR. ZEUNER.


1. He liveth long who liveth well; All else is life but thrown a-way;
2. Then fill each hour with what will last; Buy up the moments as they go;
3. Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure; Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
He liv-eth long - est who can tell Of true things truly done each day.
The life a-bove, when this is past, Is the ripe fruit of life be - low.
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor, And find a harvest-home of light.

No. 4. O'er Waiting Harpstrings.

Rev. MARY BAKER G. EDDY. BRACKETT.


1. O'er wait-ing harp-strings of the mind There sweeps a strain,
2. And wake a white-winged an - gel throng Of thoughts, il - lumed
3. Then his un - veil'd, sweet mercies show Life's bur - dens light.
Low, sad, and sweet, whose measures bind The pow'r of pain;
By faith, and breathed in rap - tured song, With love per - fumed.
I kiss the cross, and wait to know A world more bright.

4. From tired joy and grief afar,
And nearer thee,—
Father, where thine own children are,
I love to be.

5. My prayer, some daily good to do
To thine, for thee,—
An off'ring pure of Love, whereto
God leadeth me.

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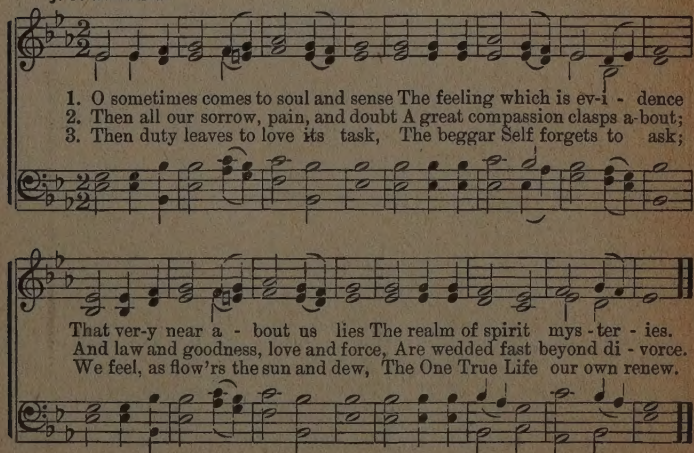
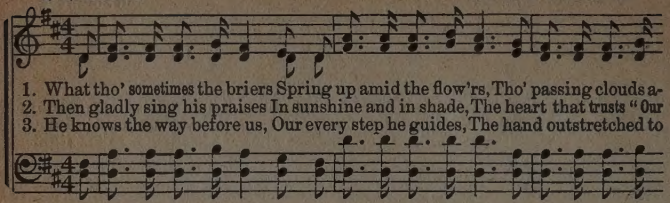
No. 5. Divine Nearness.

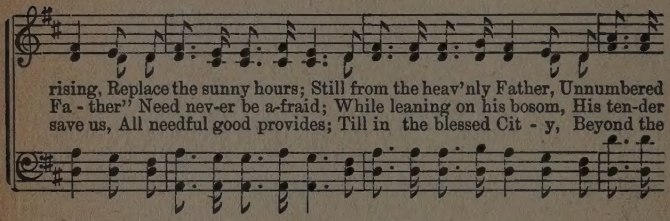
J. G. WHITTIER.

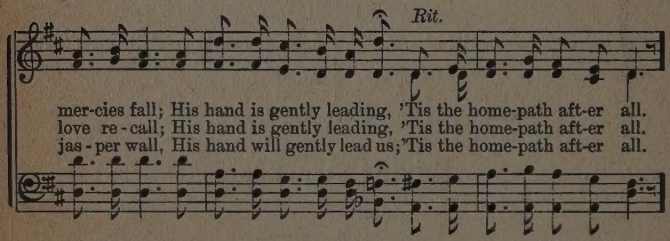

1. O sometimes comes to soul and sense The feeling which is ev-i - dence
2. Then all our sorrow, pain, and doubt A great compassion clasps a-bout;
3. Then duty leaves to love its task, The beggar Self forgets to ask;
That ver-y near a - bout us lies The realm of spirit mys - ter - ies.
And law and goodness, love and force, Are wedded fast beyond di - vorce.
We feel, as flow'rs the sun and dew, The One True Life our own renew.

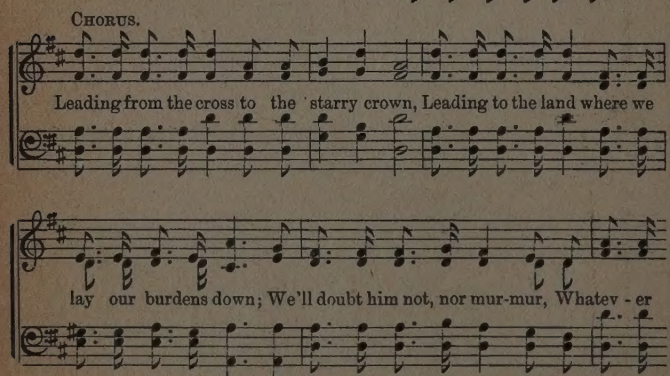
No. 6. The Home-Path After All.

E. E. Hewitt. Rev. E. E. Satterlee.


1. What tho' sometimes the briers Spring up amid the flow'rs, Tho' passing clouds a-
2. Then gladly sing his praises In sunshine and in shade, The heart that trusts "Our
3. He knows the way before us, Our every step he guides, The hand outstretched to


rising, Replace the sunny hours; Still from the heav'nly Father, Unnumbered
Fa - ther" Need nev-er be a-fraid; While leaning on his bosom, His ten-der
save us, All needful good provides; Till in the blessed Cit - y, Beyond the


Rit.
mer-cies fall; His hand is gently leading, 'Tis the home-path aft-er all.
love re - call; His hand is gently leading, 'Tis the home-path aft-er all.
jas - per wall, His hand will gently lead us; 'Tis the home-path aft-er all.


Chorus.
Leading from the cross to the starry crown, Leading to the land where we
lay our burdens down; We'll doubt him not, nor mur-mur, Whatev - er

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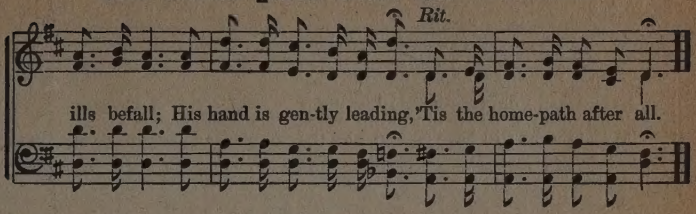
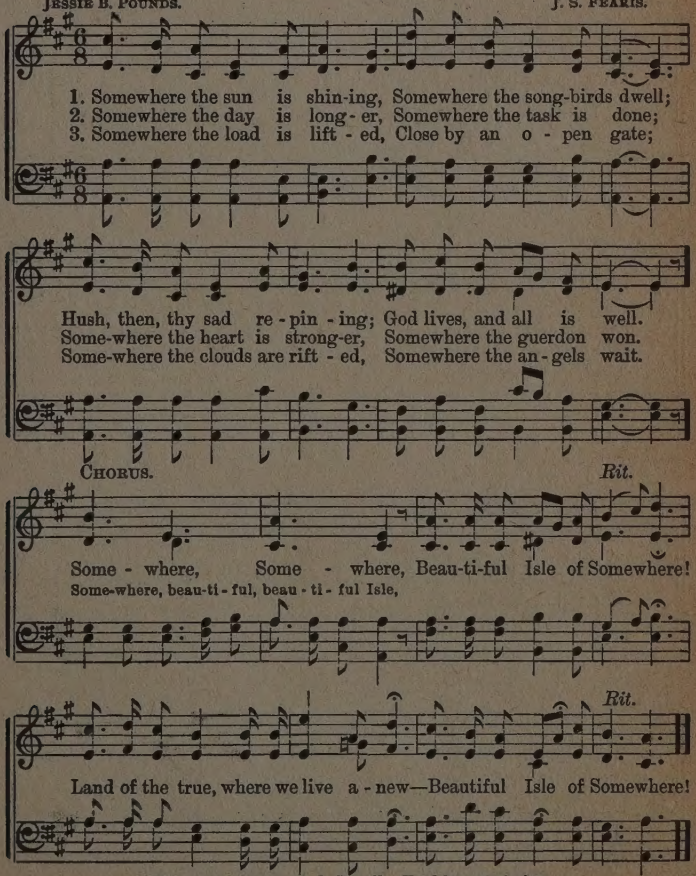
The Home-Path After All—Concluded.



No. 7. Beautiful Isle.

JESSIE B. POUNDS. J. S. FEARIS.


1. Somewhere the sun is shin-ing, Somewhere the song-birds dwell;
2. Somewhere the day is long-er, Somewhere the task is done;
3. Somewhere the load is lift-ed, Close by an o-pen gate;
Hush, then, thy sad re-pin-ing; God lives, and all is well.
Some-where the heart is strong-er, Somewhere the guerdon won.
Some-where the clouds are rift-ed, Somewhere the an-gels wait.
CHORUS.
Rit.
Some-where, Some-where, Beau-ti-ful Isle of Somewhere!
Some-where, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Isle,
Rit.
Land of the true, where we live a-new—Beautiful Isle of Somewhere!

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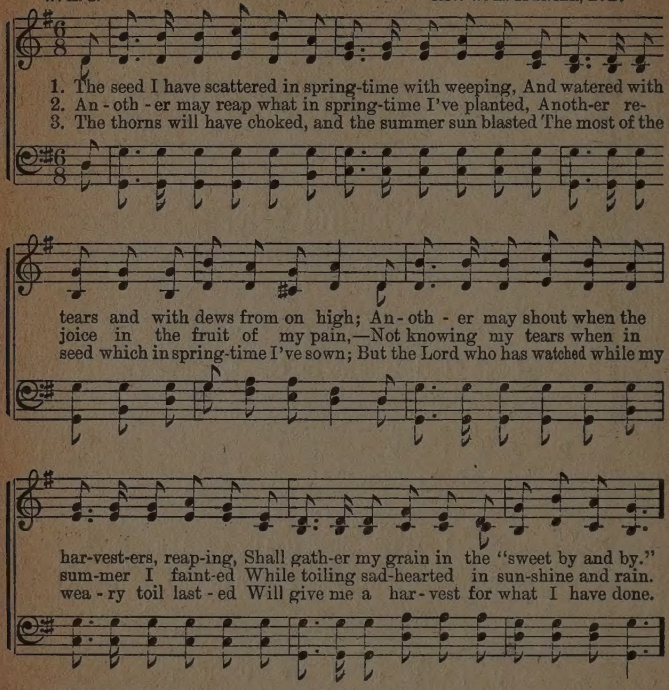
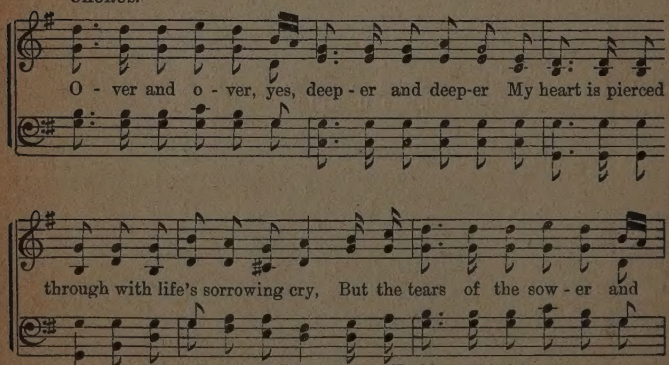
No. 14. Harvest Time.

W. A. S. Rev. W. A. SPENCER, D. D.


1. The seed I have scattered in spring-time with weeping, And watered with
2. An - oth - er may reap what in spring-time I've planted, Anoth-er re-
3. The thorns will have choked, and the summer sun blasted The most of the
tears and with dews from on high; An - oth - er may shout when the
joice in the fruit of my pain,—Not knowing my tears when in
seed which in spring-time I've sown; But the Lord who has watched while my
har-vest-ers, reap-ing, Shall gath-er my grain in the "sweet by and by."
sum-mer I faint-ed While toiling sad-hearted in sun-shine and rain.
wea - ry toil last - ed Will give me a har - vest for what I have done.

CHORUS.



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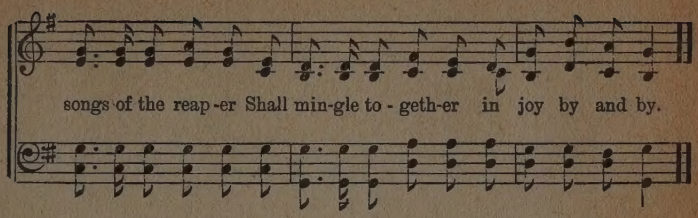
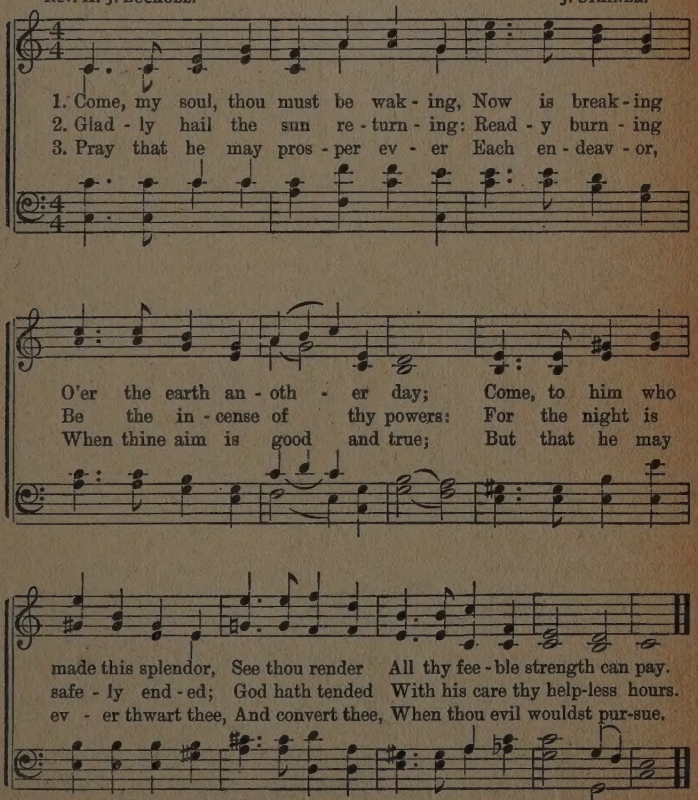


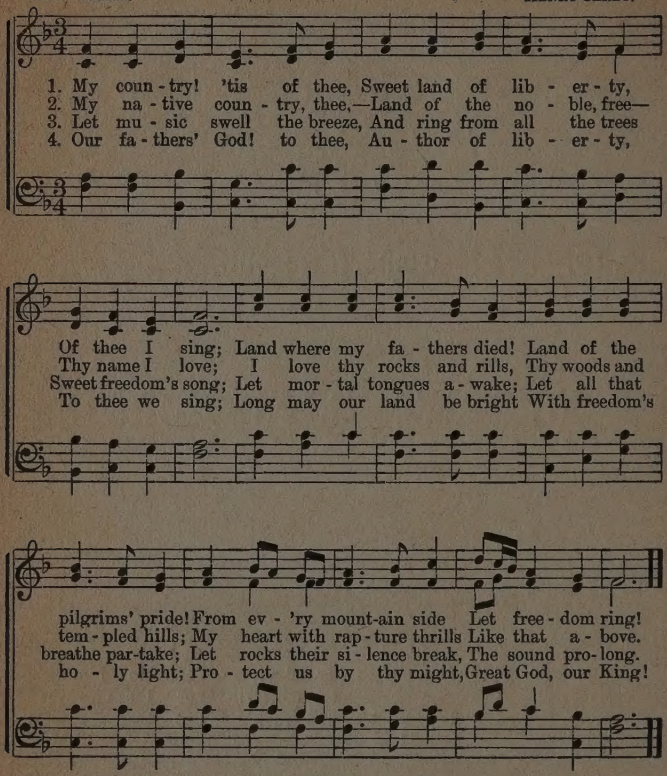
No. 15. Come, My Soul.

Rev. H. J. Buckoll. J. Stainer.


1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak-ing, Now is break-ing
2. Glad-ly hail the sun re-turn-ing: Read-y burn-ing
3. Pray that he may pros-per ev-er Each en-deav-or,
O'er the earth an-oth-er day; Come, to him who
Be the in-cense of thy powers: For the night is
When thine aim is good and true; But that he may
made this splendor, See thou render All thy fee-ble strength can pay.
safe-ly end-ed; God hath tended With his care thy help-less hours.
ev-er thwart thee, And convert thee, When thou evil wouldst pur-sue.

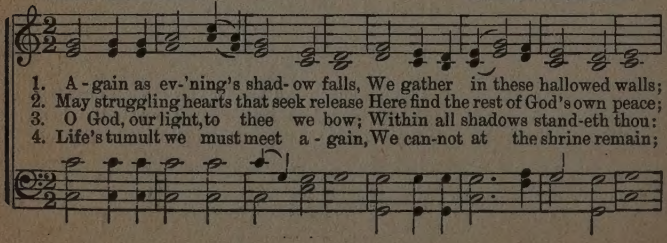
No. 22. America.

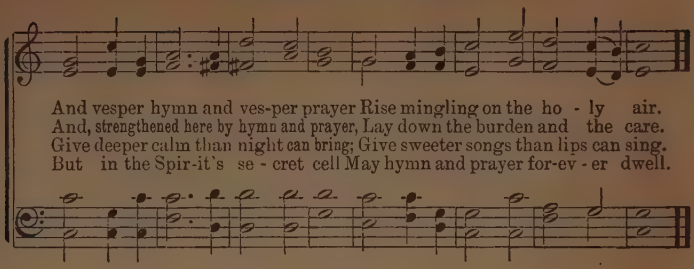
S. F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.


1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee,—Land of the no - ble, free—
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's
pilgrims' pride! From ev - 'ry mount-ain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 23. Zephyr.

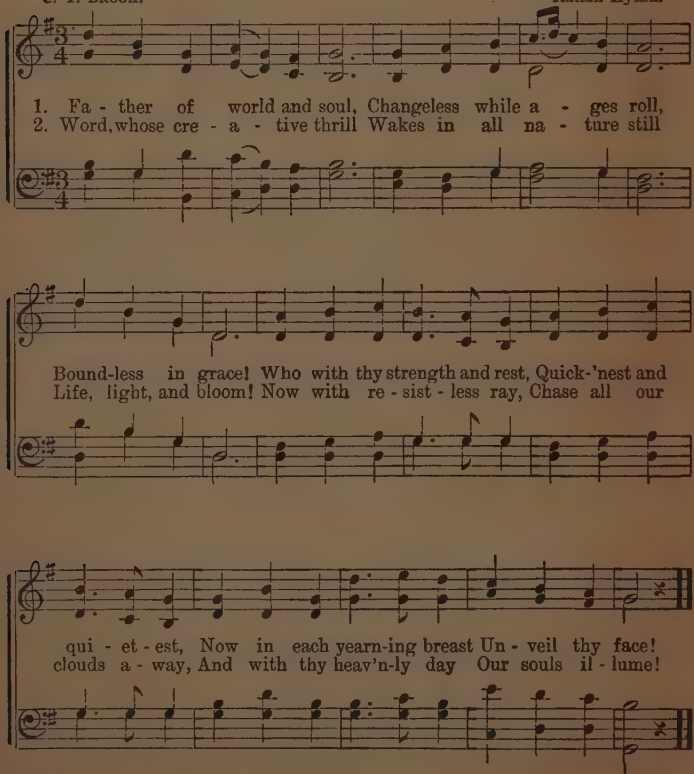
SAMUEL LONGFELLOW. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.


1. A - gain as ev-'ning's shad - ow falls, We gather in these hallowed walls;
2. May struggling hearts that seek release Here find the rest of God's own peace;
3. O God, our light, to thee we bow; Within all shadows stand-eth thou:
4. Life's tumult we must meet a - gain, We can-not at the shrine remain;


And vesper hymn and ves-per prayer Rise mingling on the ho - ly air.
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer, Lay down the burden and the care.
Give deeper calm than night can bring; Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.
But in the Spir-it's se - cret cell May hymn and prayer for-ev - er dwell.

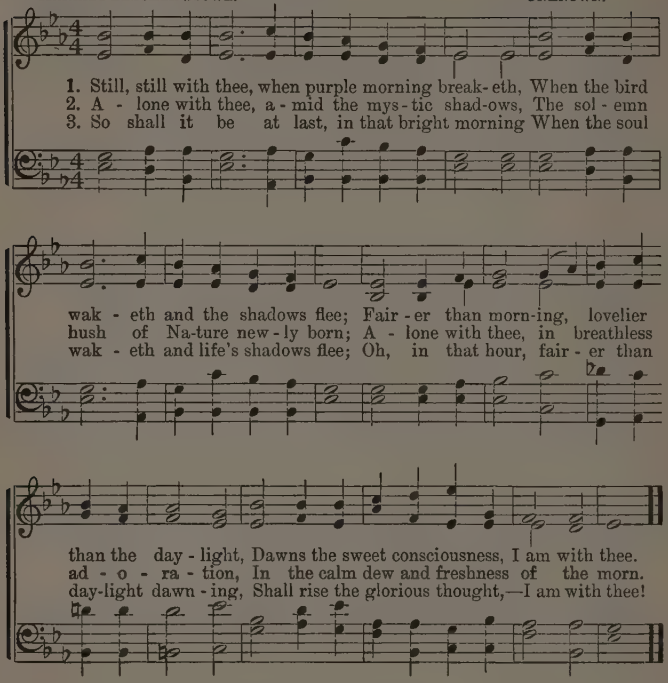
No. 24. Father of World and Soul.

C. T. Brook. Italian Hymn.


1. Fa - ther of world and soul, Changeless while a - ges roll,
2. Word, whose cre - a - tive thrill Wakes in all na - ture still
Bound-less in grace! Who with thy strength and rest, Quick-'nest and
Life, light, and bloom! Now with re - sist - less ray, Chase all our
qui - et - est, Now in each yearn-ing breast Un - veil thy face!
clouds a - way, And with thy heav'n-ly day Our souls il - lume!

No. 25. Still With Thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. UNKNOWN.


1. Still, still with thee, when purple morning break- eth, When the bird
2. A - lone with thee, a - mid the mys - tic shad-ows, The sol - emn
3. So shall it be at last, in that bright morning When the soul
wak - eth and the shadows flee; Fair - er than morn-ing, lovelier
hush of Na-ture new - ly born; A - lone with thee, in breathless
wak - eth and life's shadows flee; Oh, in that hour, fair - er than
than the day - light, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.
ad - o - ra - tion, In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
day-light dawn - ing, Shall rise the glorious thought,—I am with thee!

No. 26. Unfound, Unlost.

1. I cannot find thee! Still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where thou dost dwell;
I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.

2. I cannot find thee! E'en when most adoring
Before thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer,
Beyond these bounds of thought my thought upsoaring
From furthest quest comes back: thou art not there.

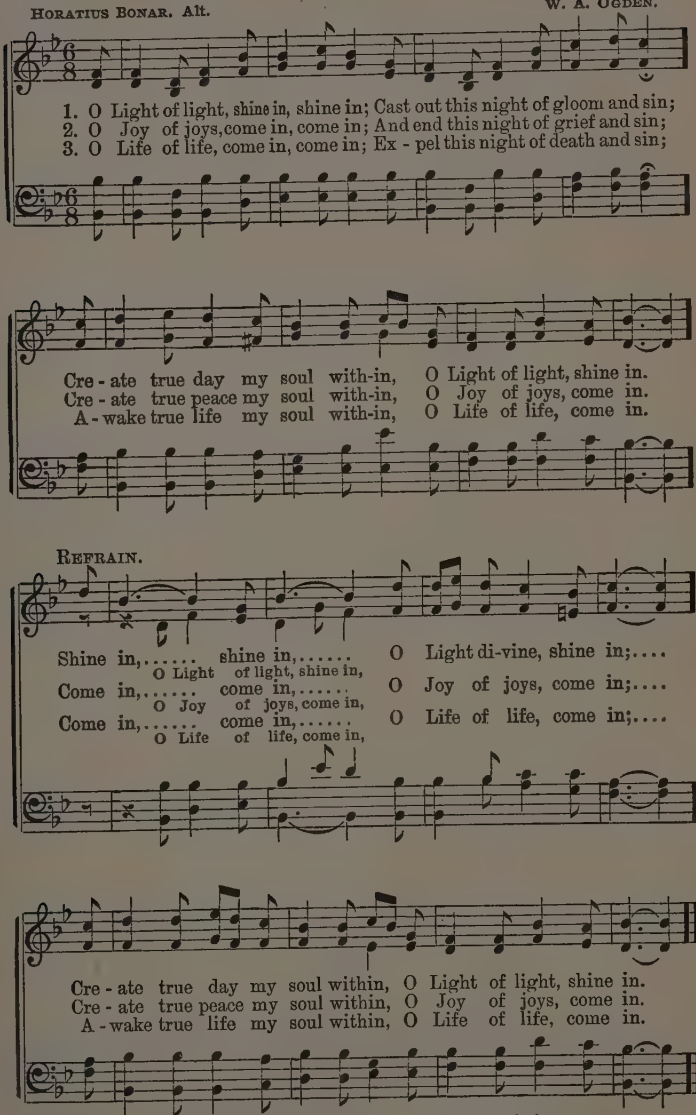
3. Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within my inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendor shineth: there, O God, thou art!

4. I cannot lose thee! Still in thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam:
The law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,—
And I must rest at last in thee, my home!

—ELIZA SCUDDER.

No. 30. Light of Light, Shine In.

HORATIUS BONAR. Alt. W. A. OGDEN.


1. O Light of light, shine in, shine in; Cast out this night of gloom and sin;
2. O Joy of joys, come in, come in; And end this night of grief and sin;
3. O Life of life, come in, come in; Ex - pel this night of death and sin;
Cre - ate true day my soul with-in, O Light of light, shine in.
Cre - ate true peace my soul with-in, O Joy of joys, come in.
A - wake true life my soul with-in, O Life of life, come in.
REFRAIN.
Shine in,..... shine in,..... O Light di-vine, shine in;....
O Light of light, shine in,
Come in,..... come in,..... O Joy of joys, come in;....
O Joy of joys, come in,
Come in,..... come in,..... O Life of life, come in;....
O Life of life, come in,
Cre - ate true day my soul within, O Light of light, shine in.
Cre - ate true peace my soul within, O Joy of joys, come in.
A - wake true life my soul within, O Life of life, come in.

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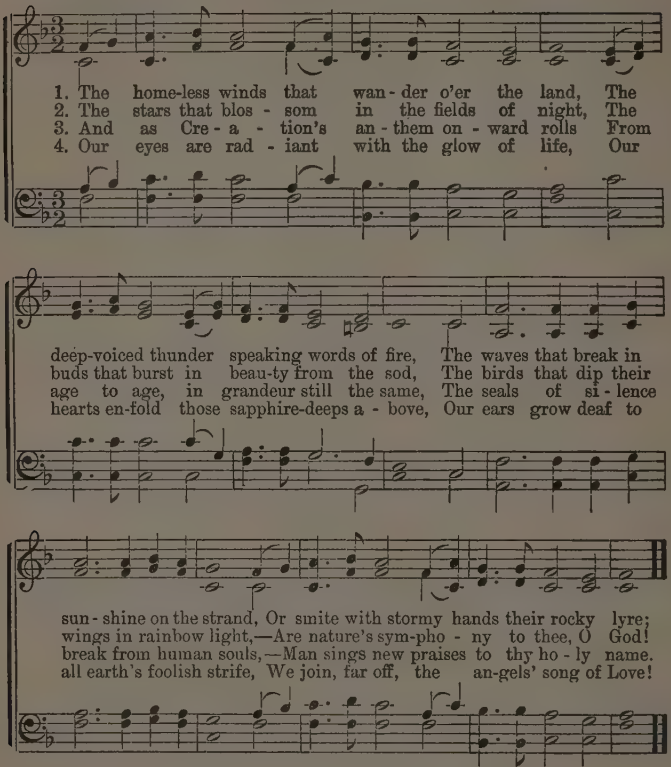
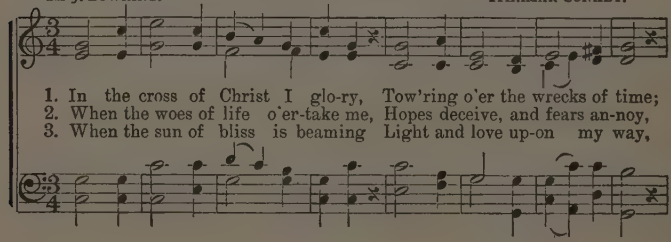
No. 31. Creation's Anthem.

ALBERT LEIGHTON.

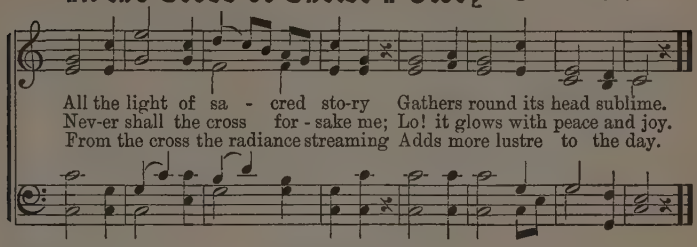

1. The home-less winds that wan - der o'er the land, The
2. The stars that blos - som in the fields of night, The
3. And as Cre - a - tion's an - them on - ward rolls From
4. Our eyes are rad - iant with the glow of life, Our
deep-voiced thunder speaking words of fire, The waves that break in
buds that burst in beau-ty from the sod, The birds that dip their
age to age, in grandeur still the same, The seals of si - lence
hearts en-fold those sapphire-deeps a - bove, Our ears grow deaf to
sun - shine on the strand, Or smite with stormy hands their rocky lyre;
wings in rainbow light,—Are nature's sym-pho - ny to thee, O God!
break from human souls,—Man sings new praises to thy ho - ly name.
all earth's foolish strife, We join, far off, the an-gels' song of Love!

No. 32. In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

Sir J. BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an-noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up-on my way,

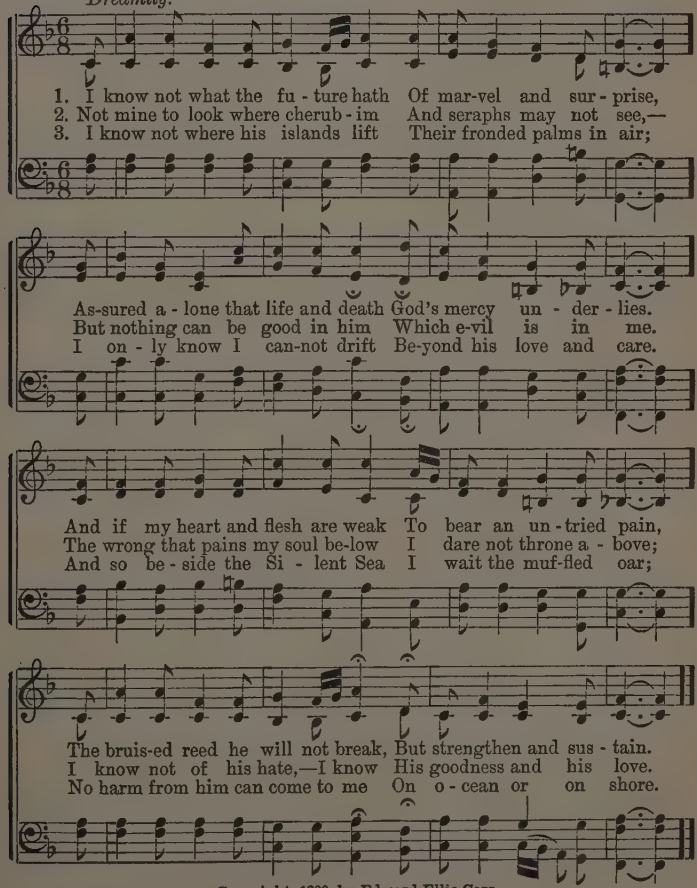
In the Cross of Christ I Glory—Concluded.


All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sublime.
Nev-er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the radiance streaming Adds more lustre to the day.

No. 33. Assurance.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. EDWARD ELLIS CARR.

Dreamily.


1. I know not what the fu - ture hath Of mar-vel and sur - prise,
2. Not mine to look where cherub - im And seraphs may not see,—
3. I know not where his islands lift Their fronded palms in air;
As-sured a - lone that life and death God's mercy un - der - lies.
But nothing can be good in him Which e-vil is in me.
I on - ly know I can-not drift Be-yond his love and care.
And if my heart and flesh are weak To bear an un - tried pain,
The wrong that pains my soul be-low I dare not throne a - bove;
And so be - side the Si - lent Sea I wait the muf-fled oar;
The bruis-ed reed he will not break, But strengthen and sus - tain.
I know not of his hate,—I know His goodness and his love.
No harm from him can come to me On o - cean or on shore.

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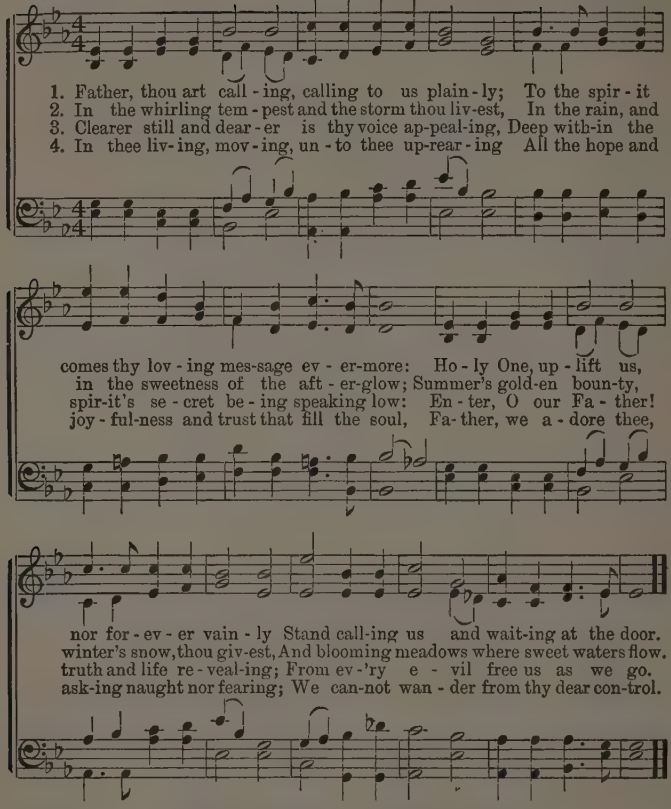
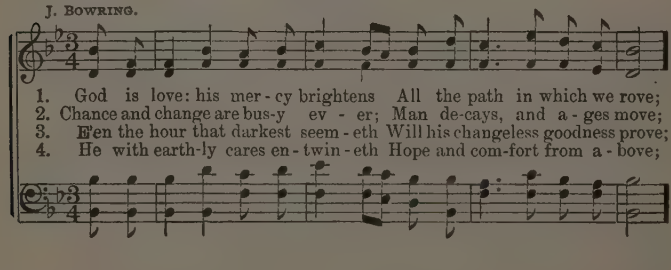
No. 35. Calling.

J. V. BLAKE. J. B. DYKES.

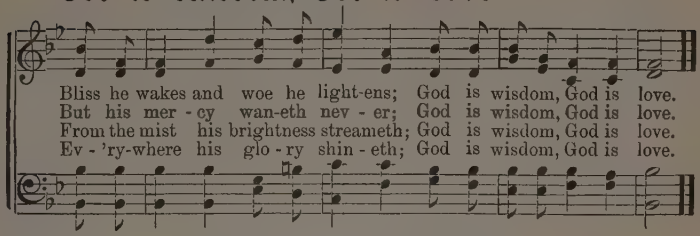

1. Father, thou art call - ing, calling to us plain - ly; To the spir - it
2. In the whirling tem - pest and the storm thou liv-est, In the rain, and
3. Clearer still and dear - er is thy voice ap-peal-ing, Deep with-in the
4. In thee liv- ing, mov - ing, un - to thee up-rear - ing All the hope and
comes thy lov - ing mes-sage ev - er-more: Ho - ly One, up - lift us,
in the sweetness of the aft - er-glow; Summer's gold-en boun-ty,
spir-it's se - cret be - ing speaking low: En - ter, O our Fa - ther!
joy - ful-ness and trust that fill the soul, Fa-ther, we a - dore thee,
nor for - ev - er vain - ly Stand call-ing us and wait-ing at the door.
winter's snow, thou giv-est, And blooming meadows where sweet waters flow.
truth and life re - veal-ing; From ev - 'ry e - vil free us as we go.
ask-ing naught nor fearing; We can-not wan - der from thy dear con-trol.

No. 36. God is Wisdom; God is Love.

J. BOWRING.

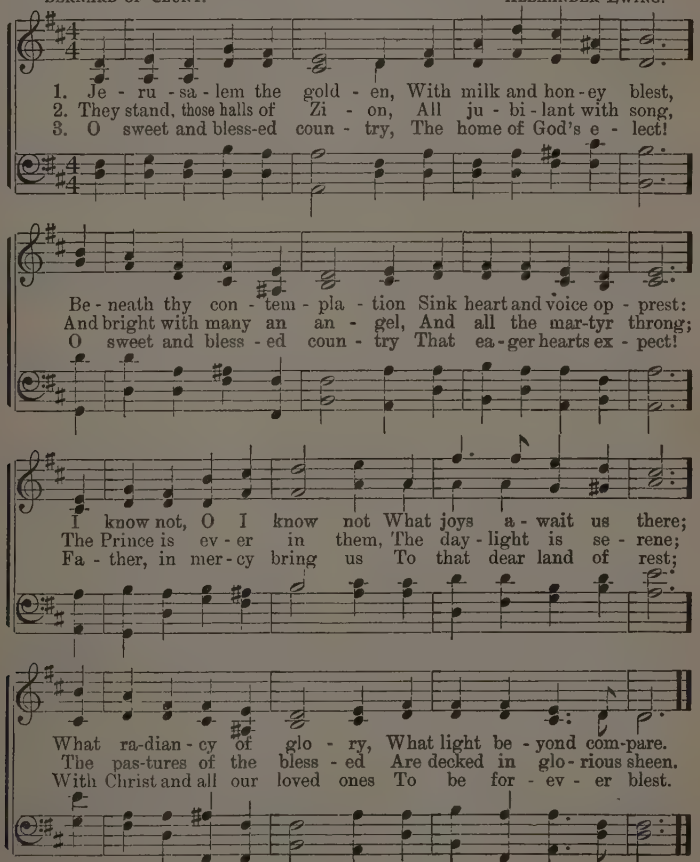

1. God is love: his mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are bus-y ev - er; Man de-cays, and a - ges move;
3. E'en the hour that darkest seem - eth Will his changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earth-ly cares en - twin - eth Hope and com-fort from a - bove;

God is Wisdom, God is Love—Concluded.


Bliss he wakes and woe he light-ens; God is wisdom, God is love.
But his mer - cy wan-eth nev - er; God is wisdom, God is love.
From the mist his brightness streameth; God is wisdom, God is love.
Ev - 'ry-where his glo - ry shin - eth; God is wisdom, God is love.

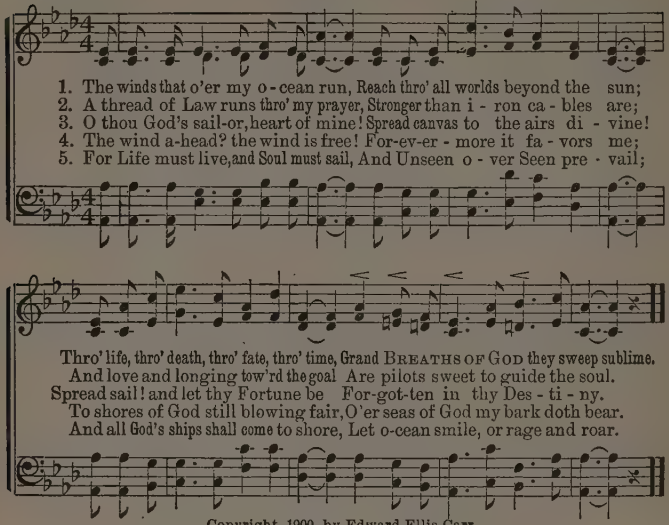
No. 37. Jerusalem the Golden.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. ALEXANDER EWING.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. O sweet and bless-ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest:
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar-tyr throng;
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!
I know not, O I know not What joys a - wait us there;
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
Fa - ther, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest;
What ra-dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com-pare.
The pas-tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
With Christ and all our loved ones To be for - ev - er blest.

No. 38. O'er Seas of God.

D. A. WASSON. EDWARD ELLIS CARR.


1. The winds that o'er my o - cean run, Reach thro' all worlds beyond the sun;
2. A thread of Law runs thro' my prayer, Stronger than i - ron ca - bles are;
3. O thou God's sail-or, heart of mine! Spread canvas to the airs di - vine!
4. The wind a-head? the wind is free! For-ev-er - more it fa - vors me;
5. For Life must live, and Soul must sail, And Unseen o - ver Seen pre - vail;
Thro' life, thro' death, thro' fate, thro' time, Grand BREATHS OF GOD they sweep sublime.
And love and longing tow'rd the goal Are pilots sweet to guide the soul.
Spread sail! and let thy Fortune be For-got-ten in thy Des - ti - ny.
To shores of God still blowing fair, O'er seas of God my bark doth bear.
And all God's ships shall come to shore, Let o-cean smile, or rage and roar.

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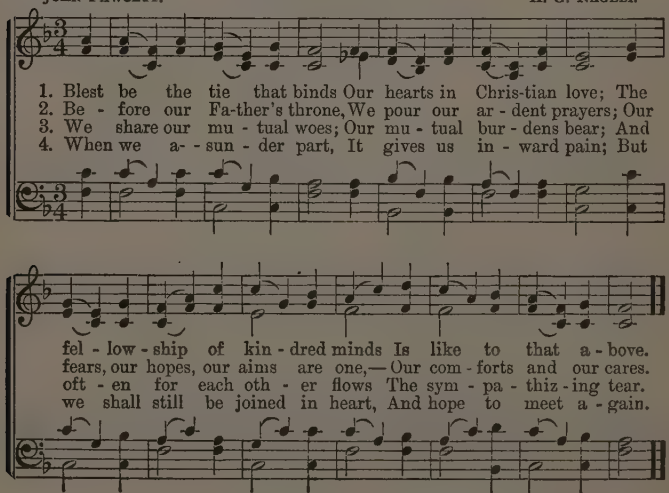
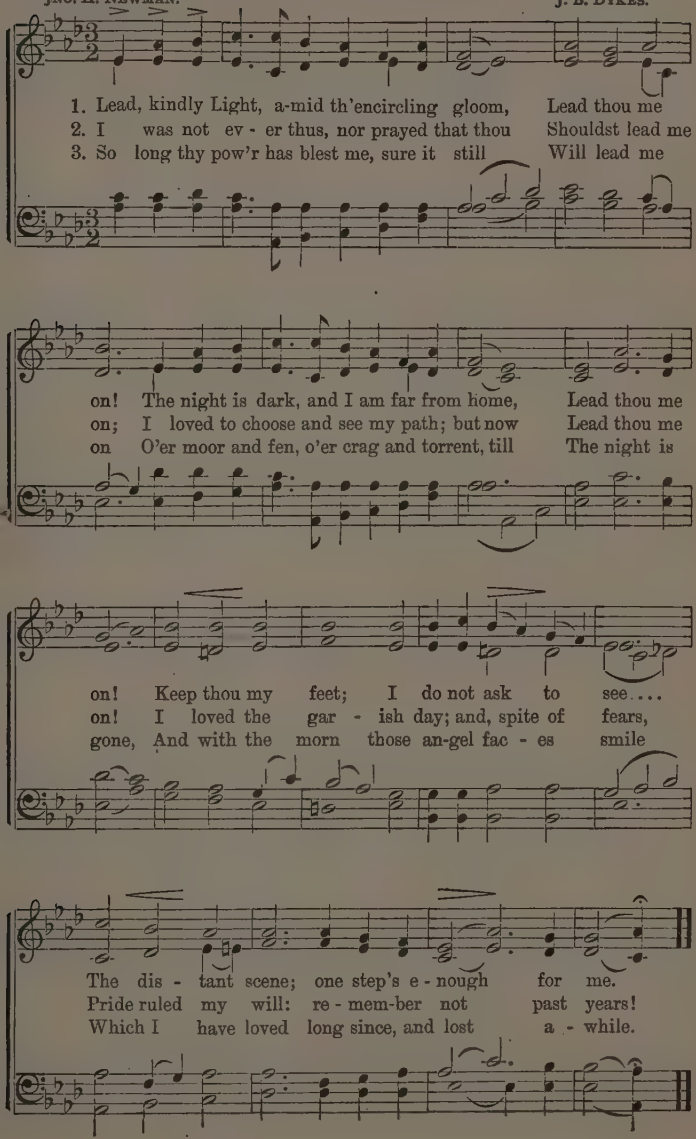
No. 39. Blest Be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And
4. When we a- - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But
fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
fears, our hopes, our aims are one,— Our com - forts and our cares.
oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

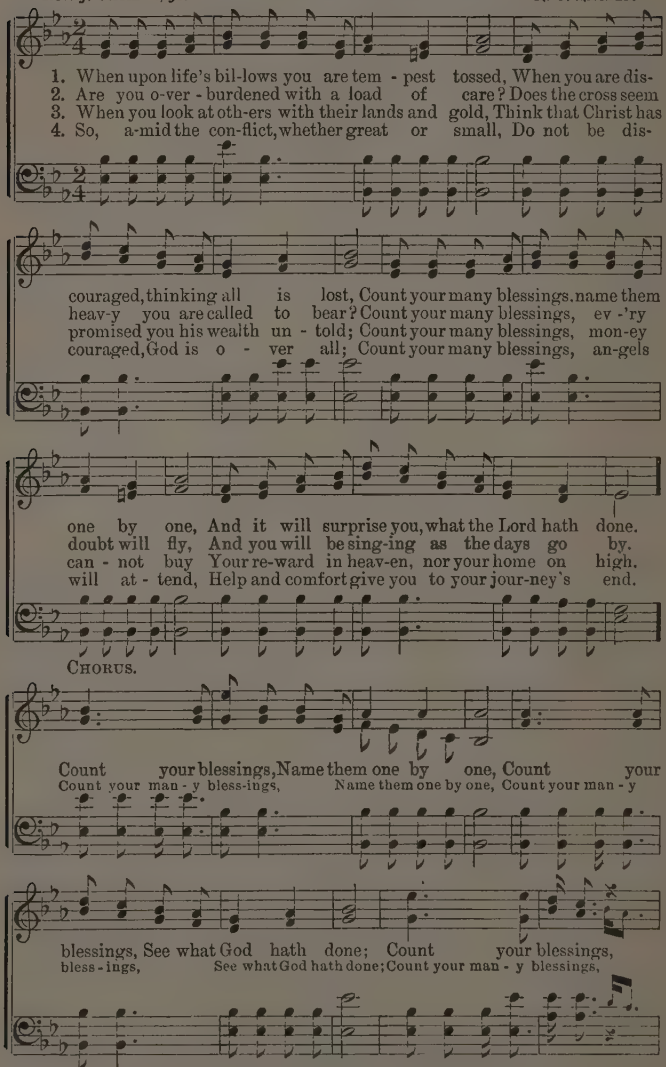
No. 50. Lead, Kindly Light.

JNO. H. NEWMAN. J. B. DYKES.


1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th'encircling gloom, Lead thou me
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me
3. So long thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me
on! The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me
on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me
on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is
on! Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see....
on! I loved the gar - ish day; and, spite of fears,
gone, And with the morn those an-gel fac - es smile
The dis - tant scene; one step's e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will: re - mem-ber not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

No. 51. Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. OATMAN, Jr. E. O. EXCELL.


1. When upon life's bil-lows you are tem - pest tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you o-ver - burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a-mid the con-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-
couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your many blessings, name them
heav-y you are called to bear? Count your many blessings, ev -'ry
promised you his wealth un - told; Count your many blessings, mon-ey
couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your many blessings, an-gels
one by one, And it will surprise you, what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing-ing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your re-ward in heav-en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and comfort give you to your jour-ney's end.
CHORUS.
Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your
Count your man - y bless-ings, Name them one by one, Count your man - y
blessings, See what God hath done; Count your blessings,
bless - ings, See what God hath done; Count your man - y blessings,

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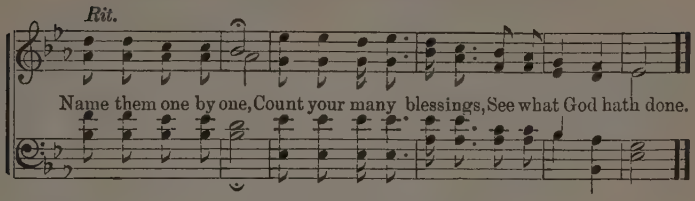
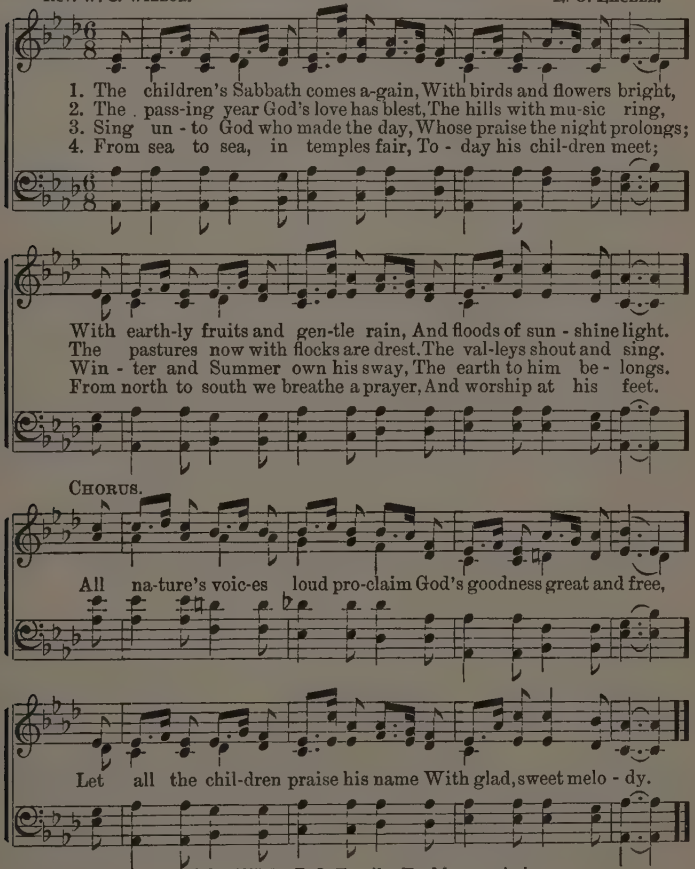


No. 52. Children's Sabbath.

Rev. W. C. WILBOR. E. O. EXCELL.


1. The children's Sabbath comes a-gain, With birds and flowers bright,
2. The pass-ing year God's love has blest, The hills with mu-sic ring,
3. Sing un - to God who made the day, Whose praise the night prolongs;
4. From sea to sea, in temples fair, To - day his chil-dren meet;
With earth-ly fruits and gen-tle rain, And floods of sun - shine light.
The pastures now with flocks are drest, The val-leys shout and sing.
Win - ter and Summer own his sway, The earth to him be - longs.
From north to south we breathe a prayer, And worship at his feet.
CHORUS.
All na-ture's voic-es loud pro-claim God's goodness great and free,
Let all the chil-dren praise his name With glad, sweet melo - dy.

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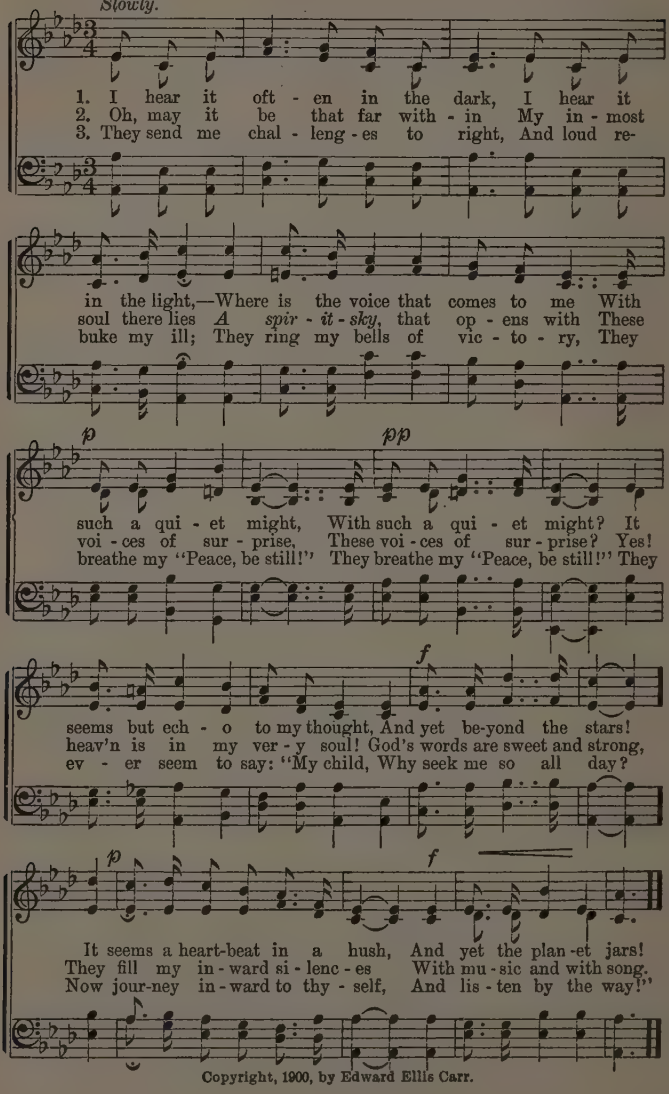
No. 60. Listening.

W. C. Gannett. Edward Ellis Carr.

Slowly.


1. I hear it oft - en in the dark, I hear it
2. Oh, may it be that far with - in My in - most
3. They send me chal - leng - es to right, And loud re-
in the light,—Where is the voice that comes to me With
soul there lies *A spir - it - sky*, that op - ens with These
buke my ill; They ring my bells of vic - to - ry, They
p
such a qui - et might, With such a qui - et might? It
voi - ces of sur - prise, These voi - ces of sur - prise? Yes!
breathe my "Peace, be still!" They breathe my "Peace, be still!" They
pp
f
seems but ech - o to my thought, And yet be-yond the stars!
heav'n is in my ver - y soul! God's words are sweet and strong,
ev - er seem to say: "My child, Why seek me so all day?
p
f
It seems a heart-beat in a hush, And yet the plan-et jars!
They fill my in - ward si - lenc - es With mu - sic and with song.
Now jour-ney in - ward to thy - self, And lis - ten by the way!"

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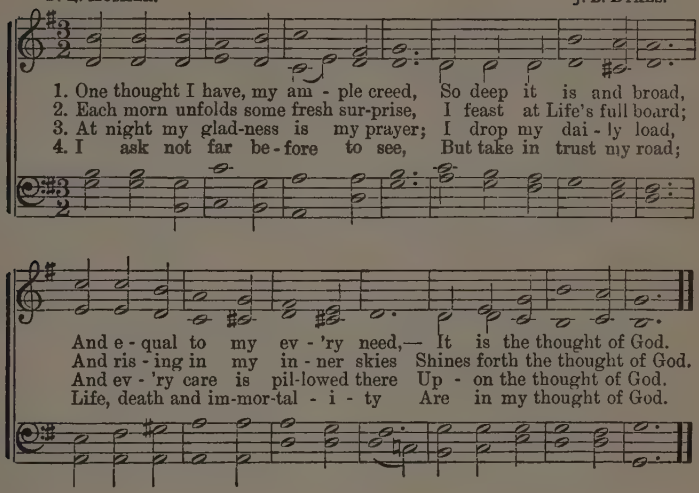
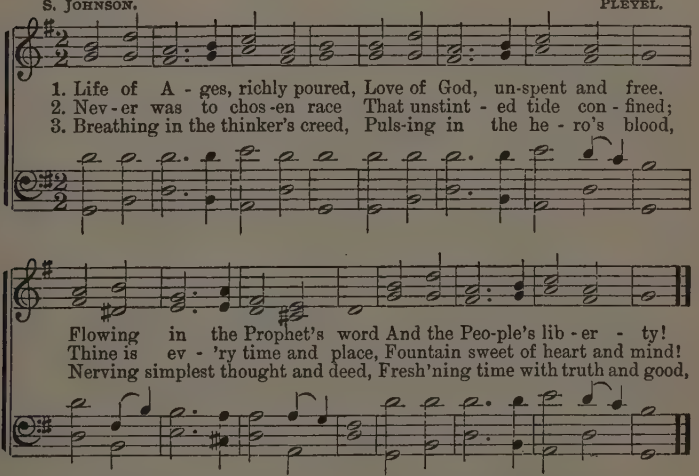
No. 61. The Thought of God.

F. L. HOSMER. J. B. DYKES.


1. One thought I have, my am - ple creed, So deep it is and broad,
2. Each morn unfolds some fresh sur-prise, I feast at Life's full board;
3. At night my glad-ness is my prayer; I drop my dai - ly load,
4. I ask not far be - fore to see, But take in trust my road;
And e - qual to my ev - 'ry need,— It is the thought of God.
And ris - ing in my in - ner skies Shines forth the thought of God.
And ev - 'ry care is pil-lowed there Up - on the thought of God.
Life, death and im-mor-tal - i - ty Are in my thought of God.

No. 62. Life of Ages.

S. JOHNSON. PLEYEL.

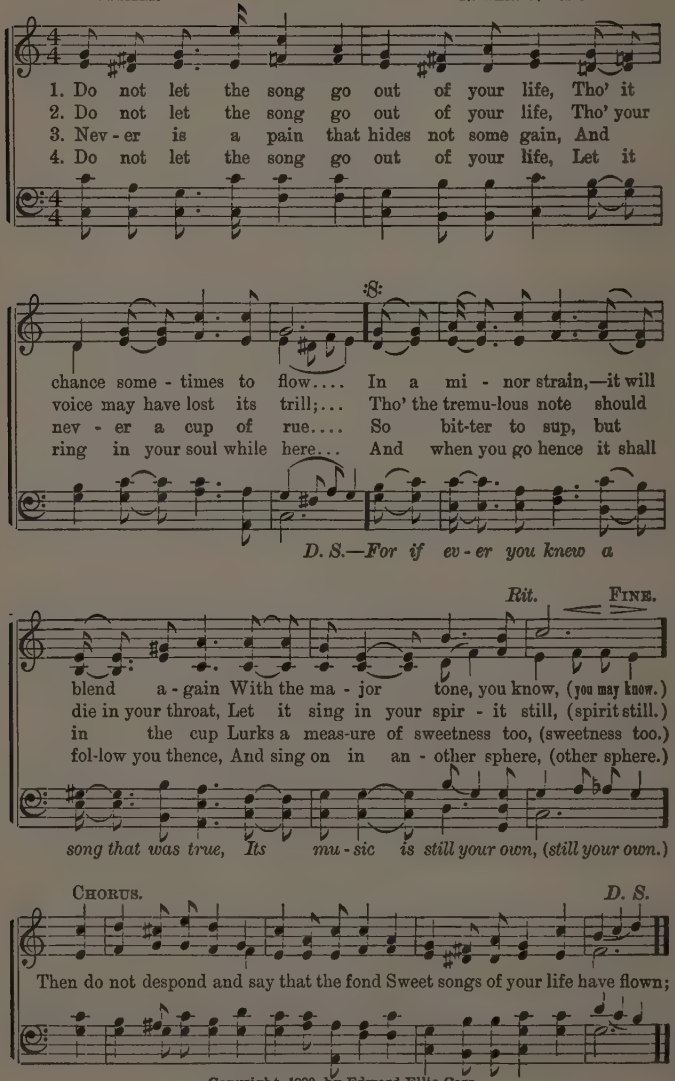

1. Life of A - ges, richly poured, Love of God, un-spent and free.
2. Nev - er was to chos - en race That unstint - ed tide con - fined;
3. Breathing in the thinker's creed, Puls-ing in the he - ro's blood,
Flowing in the Prophet's word And the Peo-ple's lib - er - ty!
Thine is ev - 'ry time and place, Fountain sweet of heart and mind!
Nerving simplest thought and deed, Fresh'ning time with truth and good,

4. Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back.

5. Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the Prophet's word
And the People's liberty!

No. 70. Sing On.

KATE R. STILES. EDWARD ELLIS CARR.


1. Do not let the song go out of your life, Tho' it
2. Do not let the song go out of your life, Tho' your
3. Nev - er is a pain that hides not some gain, And
4. Do not let the song go out of your life, Let it
chance some - times to flow.... In a mi - nor strain,—it will
voice may have lost its trill;... Tho' the tremu-lous note should
nev - er a cup of rue.... So bit-ter to sup, but
ring in your soul while here... And when you go hence it shall
D. S.—For if ev - er you knew a
Rit.
FINE.
blend a - gain With the ma - jor tone, you know, (you may know.)
die in your throat, Let it sing in your spir - it still, (spirit still.)
in the cup Lurks a meas-ure of sweetness too, (sweetness too.)
fol-low you thence, And sing on in an - other sphere, (other sphere.)
song that was true, Its mu - sic is still your own, (still your own.)
CHORUS.
D. S.
Then do not despond and say that the fond Sweet songs of your life have flown;

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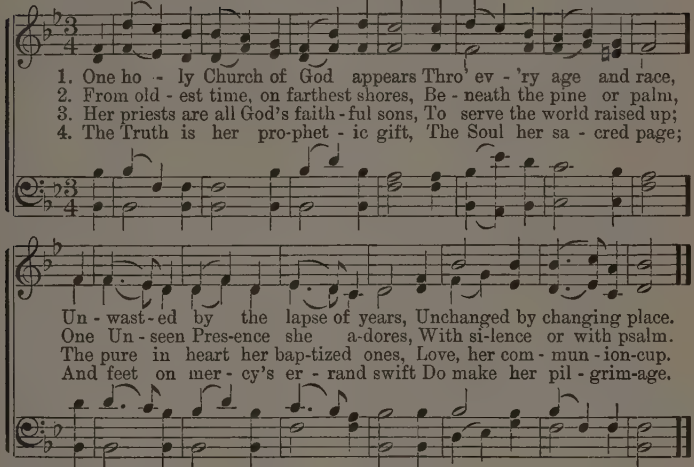
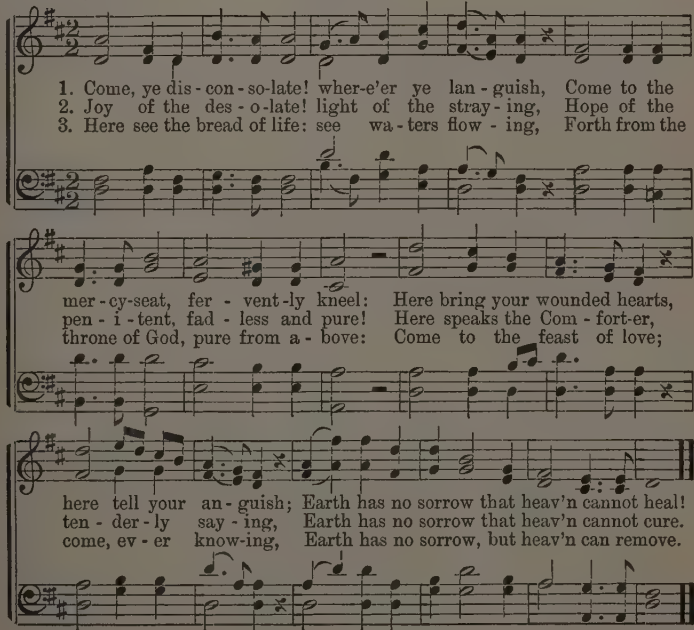
No. 71. One Holy Church.

S. LONGFELLOW. UNKNOWN.


1. One ho - ly Church of God appears Thro' ev - 'ry age and race,
2. From old - est time, on farthest shores, Be - neath the pine or palm,
3. Her priests are all God's faith - ful sons, To serve the world raised up;
4. The Truth is her pro-phet - ic gift, The Soul her sa - cred page;
Un - wast - ed by the lapse of years, Unchanged by changing place.
One Un - seen Pres-ence she a-dores, With si-lence or with psalm.
The pure in heart her bap-tized ones, Love, her com - mun - ion-cup.
And feet on mer - cy's er - rand swift Do make her pil - grim-age.

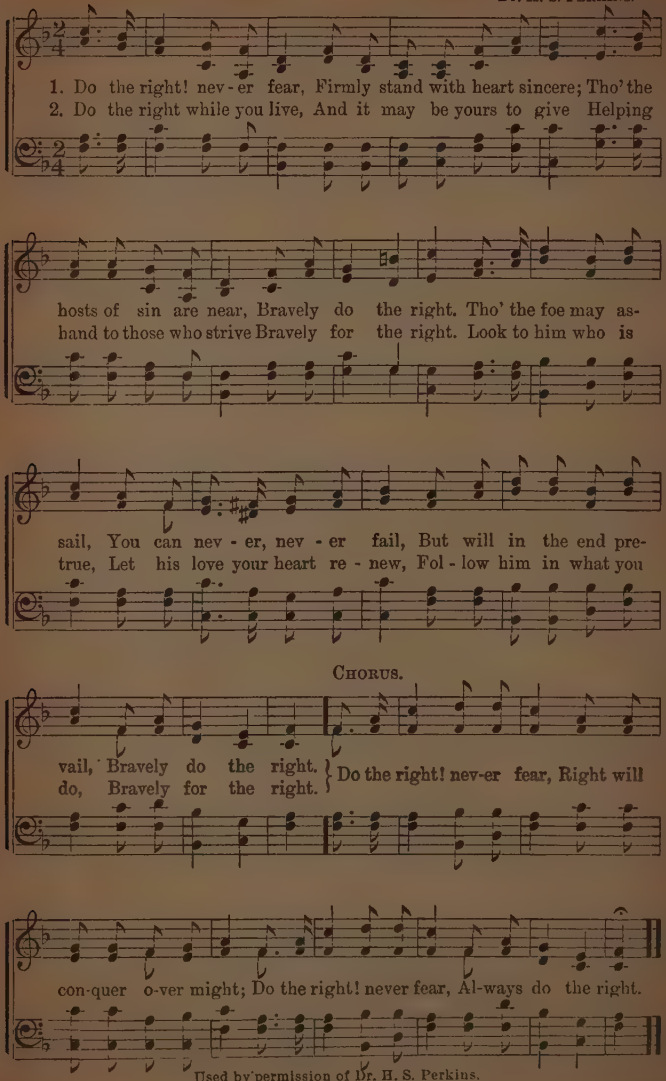
No. 72. Consolation.

THOS. MOORE. SAMUEL WEBBE.


1. Come, ye dis - con - so-late! wher-e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o-late! light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life: see wa - ters flow - ing, Forth from the
mer - cy-seat, fer - vent-ly kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts,
pen - i - tent, fad - less and pure! Here speaks the Com - fort-er,
throne of God, pure from a - bove: Come to the feast of love;
here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal!
ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.
come, ev - er know-ing, Earth has no sorrow, but heav'n can remove.

No. 73. Do the Right! Never Fear.

Dr. H. S. Perkins.


1. Do the right! nev - er fear, Firmly stand with heart sincere; Tho' the
2. Do the right while you live, And it may be yours to give Helping
hosts of sin are near, Bravely do the right. Tho' the foe may as-
hand to those who strive Bravely for the right. Look to him who is
sail, You can nev - er, nev - er fail, But will in the end pre-
true, Let his love your heart re - new, Fol - low him in what you
Chorus.
vail, Bravely do the right.
do, Bravely for the right.
Do the right! nev-er fear, Right will
con-quer o-ver might; Do the right! never fear, Al-ways do the right.

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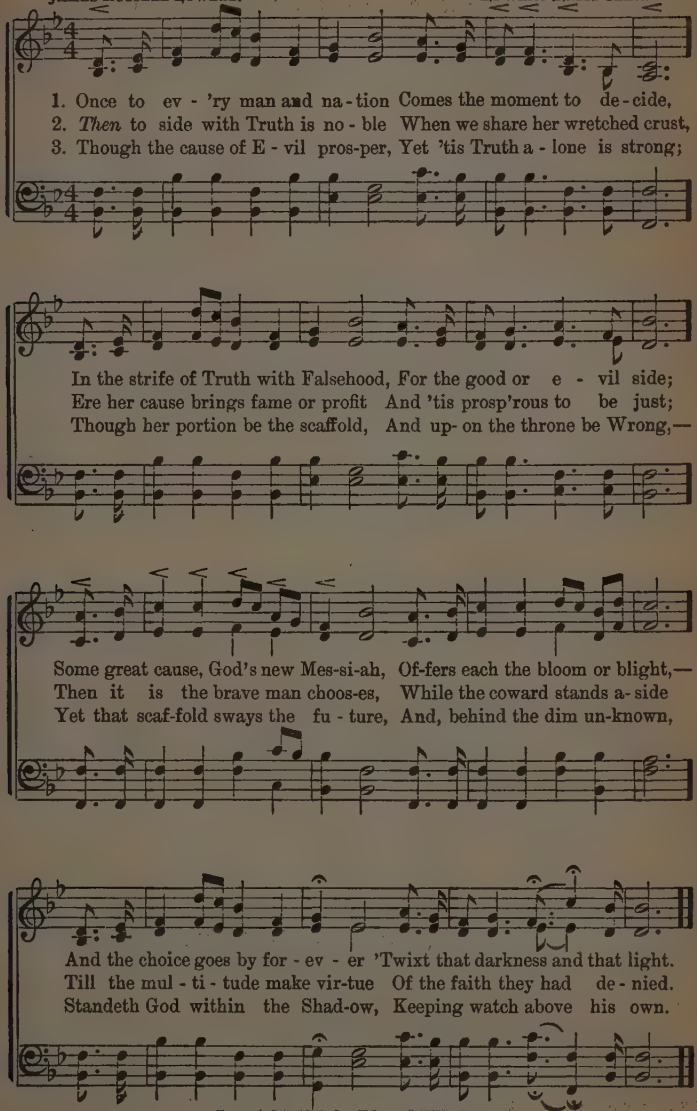
No. 74. Heroism.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. EDWARD ELLIS CARR.


1. Once to ev - 'ry man and na - tion Comes the moment to de - cide,
2. *Then* to side with Truth is no - ble When we share her wretched crust,
3. Though the cause of E - vil pros-per, Yet 'tis Truth a - lone is strong;
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, For the good or e - vil side;
Ere her cause brings fame or profit And 'tis prosp'rous to be just;
Though her portion be the scaffold, And up- on the throne be Wrong,—
Some great cause, God's new Mes-si-ah, Of-fers each the bloom or blight,—
Then it is the brave man choos-es, While the coward stands a- side
Yet that scaf-fold sways the fu - ture, And, behind the dim un-known,
And the choice goes by for - ev - er 'Twixt that darkness and that light.
Till the mul - ti - tude make vir-tue Of the faith they had de - nied.
Standeth God within the Shad-ow, Keeping watch above his own.

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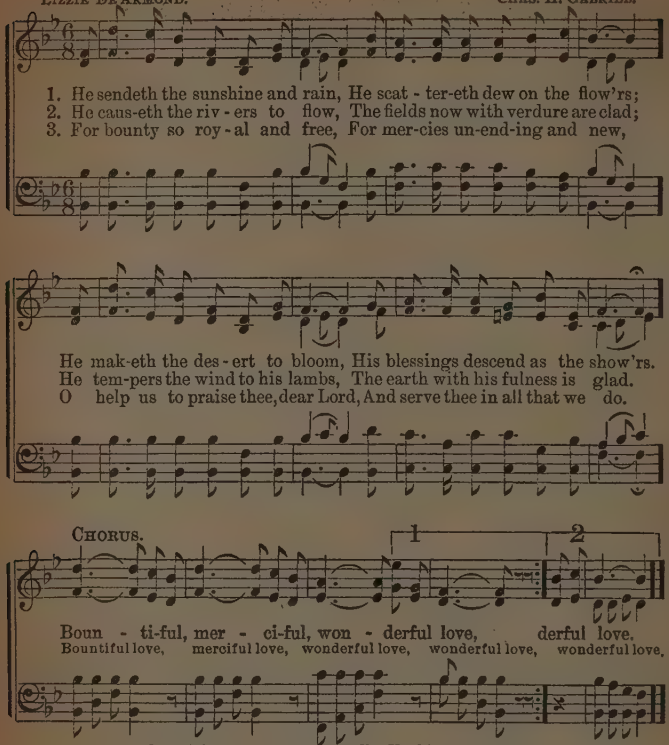
No. 82. His Bountiful Care.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. He sendeth the sunshine and rain, He scat - ter-eth dew on the flow'rs;
2. He caus-eth the riv - ers to flow, The fields now with verdure are clad;
3. For bounty so roy - al and free, For mer-cies un-end-ing and new,
He mak-eth the des - ert to bloom, His blessings descend as the show'rs.
He tem-pers the wind to his lambs, The earth with his fulness is glad.
O help us to praise thee, dear Lord, And serve thee in all that we do.
CHORUS.
1
2
Boun - ti-ful, mer - ci-ful, won - derful love, derful love.
Bountiful love, merciful love, wonderful love, wonderful love, wonderful love.

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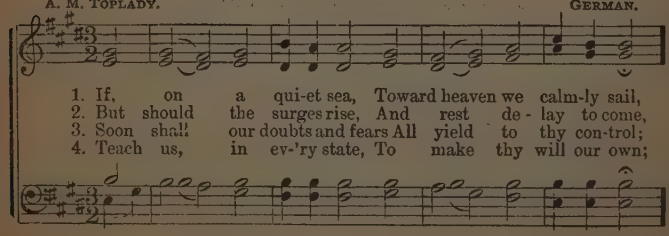
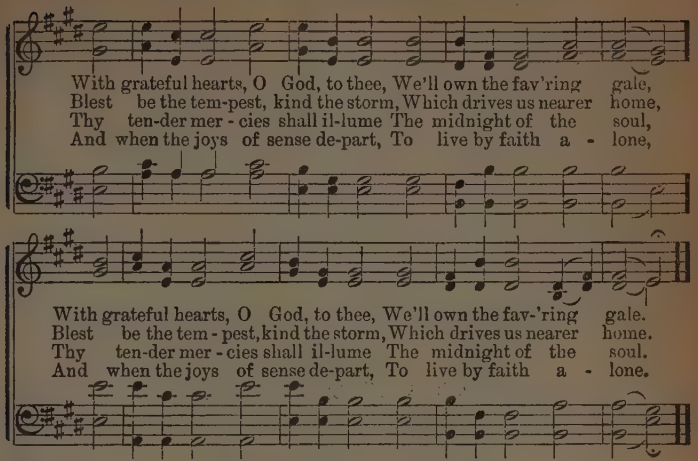
No. 83. If, On a Quiet Sea.

A. M. TOPLADY. GERMAN.

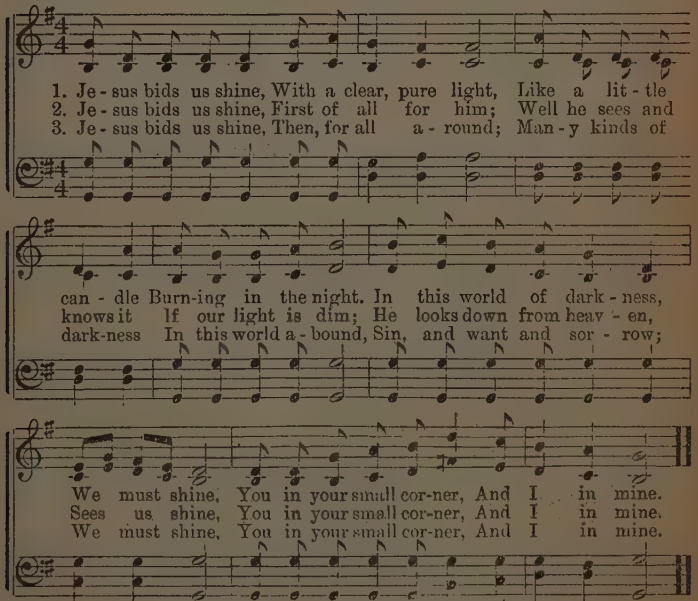

1. If, on a qui-et sea, Toward heaven we calm-ly sail,
2. But should the surges rise, And rest de - lay to come,
3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to thy con-trol;
4. Teach us, in ev-'ry state, To make thy will our own;

If, On a Quiet Sea—Concluded.


With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fav'ring gale,
Blest be the tem-pest, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home,
Thy ten-der mer - cies shall il-lume The midnight of the soul,
And when the joys of sense de-part, To live by faith a - lone,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fav-'ring gale.
Blest be the tem - pest, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home.
Thy ten-der mer - cies shall il-lume The midnight of the soul.
And when the joys of sense de-part, To live by faith a - lone.

No. 84. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

E. O. EXCELL.


1. Je - sus bids us shine, With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for him; Well he sees and
3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then, for all a - round; Man - y kinds of
can - dle Burn-ing in the night. In this world of dark - ness,
knows it If our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
dark-ness In this world a - bound, Sin, and want and sor - row;
We must shine, You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine.
Sees us shine, You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine.
We must shine, You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine.

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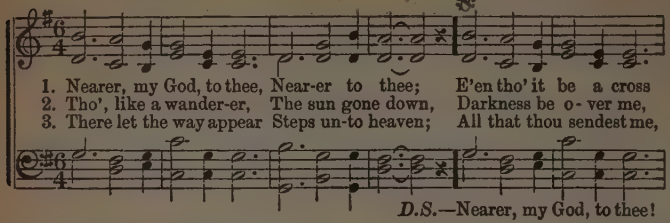
No. 90. Nearer, my God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.


1. Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho', like a wander-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me,
3. There let the way appear Steps un-to heaven; All that thou sendest me,
D.S.—Nearer, my God, to thee!
FINE.
D.S.
That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be—Nearer, my God, to thee!
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to thee!
In mer-cy given; An-gels to beck-on me Nearer, my God, to thee!
Near-er to thee!

4. Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!

5. Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!

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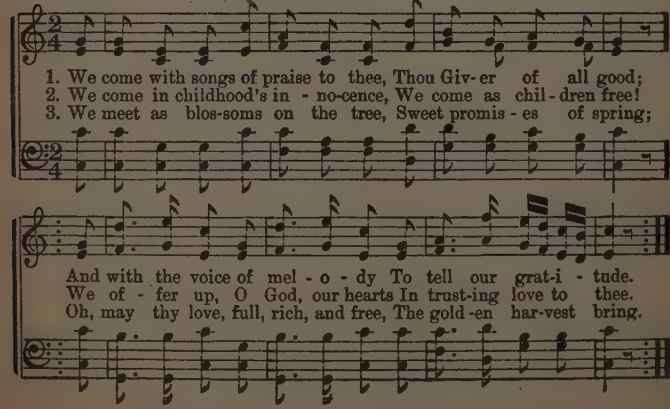
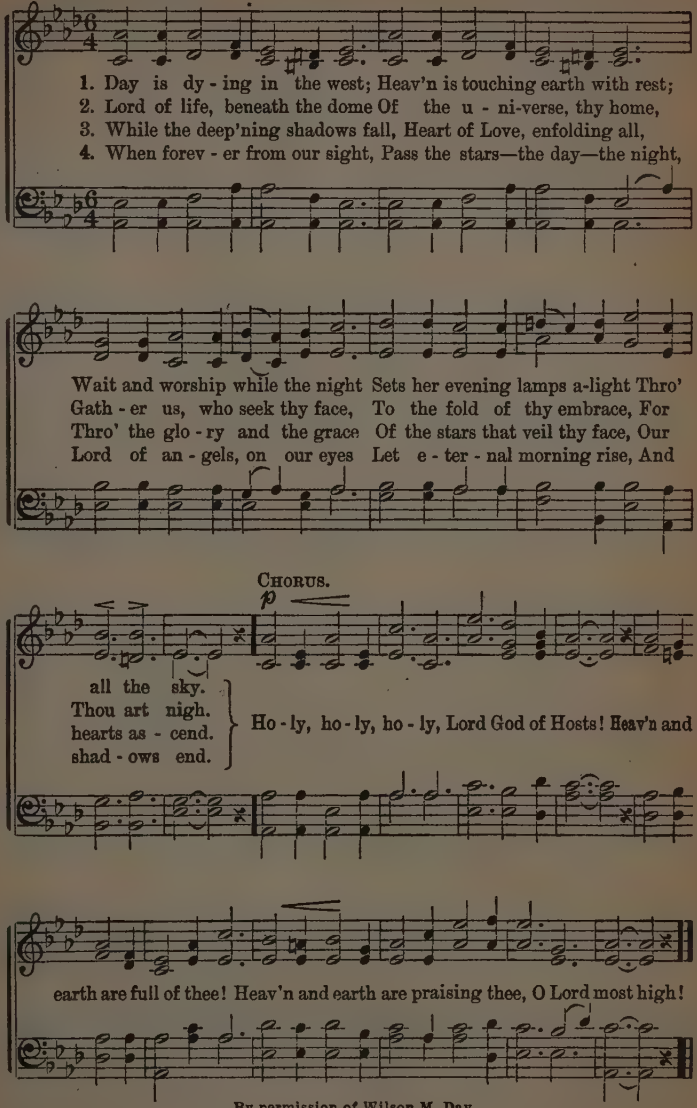
No. 91. Childhood's Offering.

Joyously. (From the German.)


1. We come with songs of praise to thee, Thou Giv-er of all good;
2. We come in childhood's in-no-cence, We come as chil-dren free!
3. We meet as blos-soms on the tree, Sweet promis-es of spring;
And with the voice of mel-o-dy To tell our grat-i-tude.
We of-fer up, O God, our hearts In trust-ing love to thee.
Oh, may thy love, full, rich, and free, The gold-en har-vest bring.

No. 92. Day is Dying in the West.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WM. F. SHERWIN.


1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest;
2. Lord of life, beneath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, thy home,
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, enfolding all,
4. When forev - er from our sight, Pass the stars—the day—the night,
Wait and worship while the night Sets her evening lamps a-light Thro'
Gath - er us, who seek thy face, To the fold of thy embrace, For
Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil thy face, Our
Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And
CHORUS.
p
all the sky.
Thou art nigh.
hearts as - cend.
shad - ows end.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and
earth are full of thee! Heav'n and earth are praising thee, O Lord most high!

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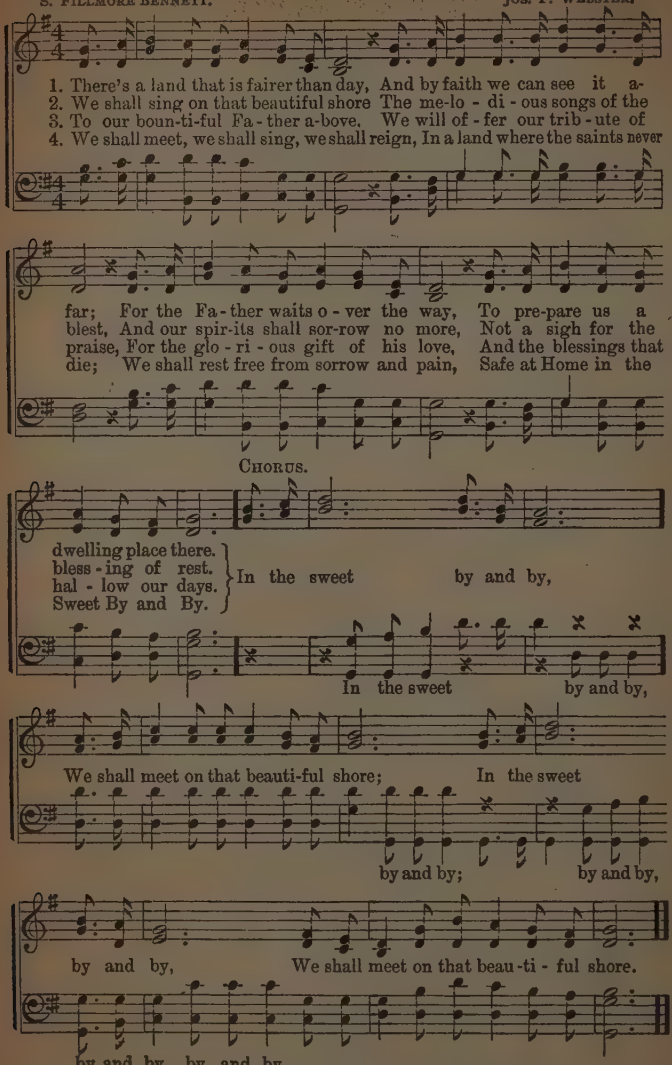
No. 93. Sweet By and By.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT. JOS. P. WEBSTER.


1. There's a land that is fairer than day, And by faith we can see it a-
2. We shall sing on that beautiful shore The me-lo - di - ous songs of the
3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa - ther a-bove. We will of - fer our trib - ute of
4. We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign, In a land where the saints never
far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-pare us a
blest, And our spir-its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the
praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of his love, And the blessings that
die; We shall rest free from sorrow and pain, Safe at Home in the
CHORUS.
dwelling place there.
bless - ing of rest.
hal - low our days.
Sweet By and By.
In the sweet by and by,
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beauti-ful shore; In the sweet
by and by; by and by,
by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
by and by, by and by,

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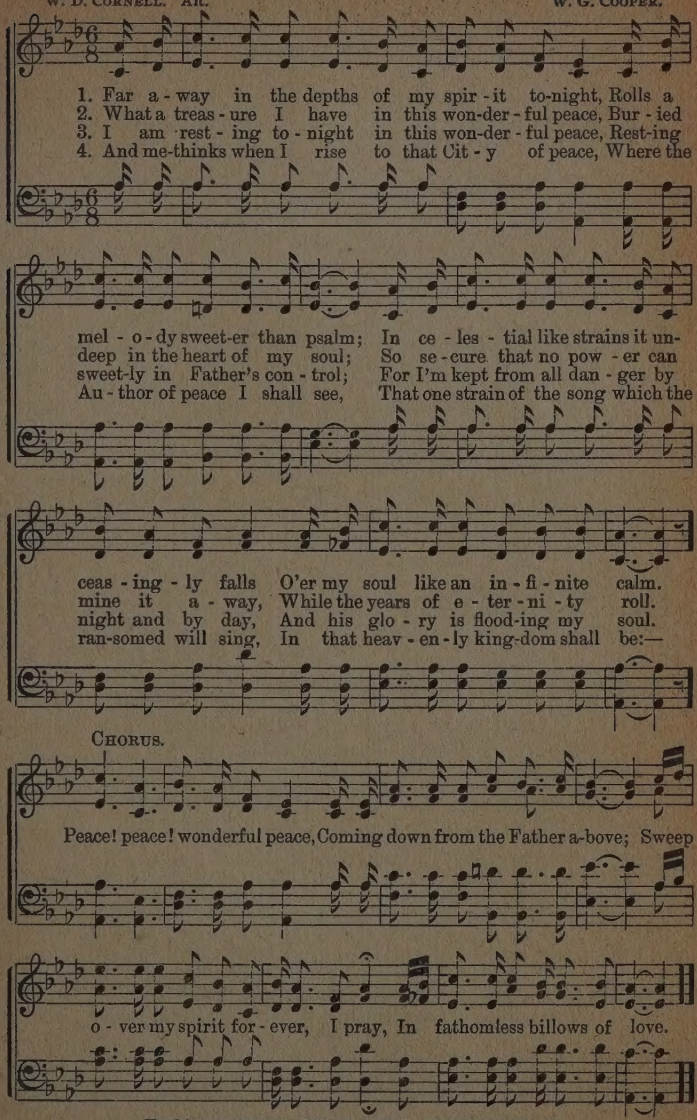
No. 94. Wonderful Peace.

W. D. CORNELL. Alt. W. G. COOPER.


1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to-night, Rolls a
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won-der - ful peace, Bur - ied
3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won-der - ful peace, Rest-ing
4. And me-thinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the
mel - o - dy sweet-er than psalm; In ce - les - tial like strains it un-
deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow - er can
sweet-ly in Father's con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
night and by day, And his glo - ry is flood-ing my soul.
ran-somed will sing, In that heav - en - ly king-dom shall be:—
CHORUS.
Peace! peace! wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father a-bove; Sweep
o - ver my spirit for - ever, I pray, In fathomless billows of love.

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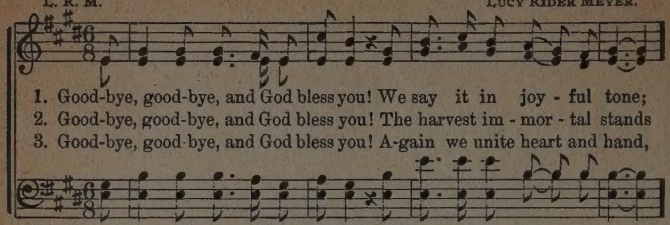
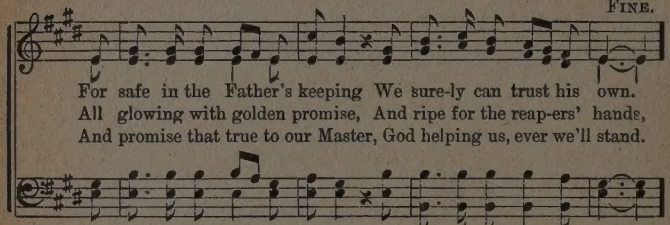
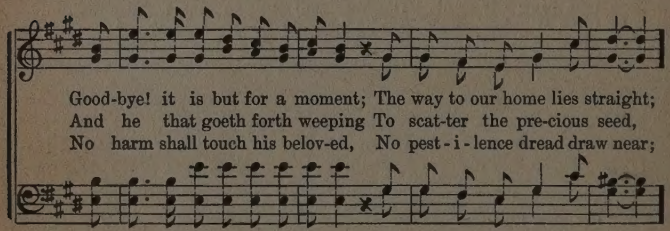
No. 100. Good-Bye! and God Bless You.

L. R. M. LUCY RIDER MEYER.

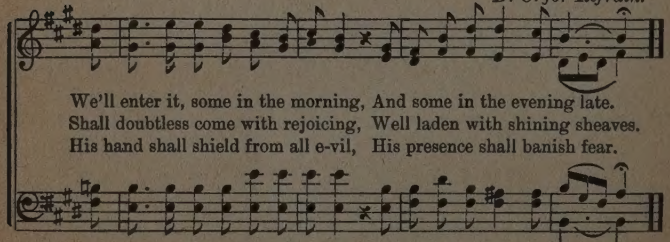

1. Good-bye, good-bye, and God bless you! We say it in joy - ful tone;
2. Good-bye, good-bye, and God bless you! The harvest im - mor - tal stands
3. Good-bye, good-bye, and God bless you! A-gain we unite heart and hand,
REF.—Good-bye, good-bye, and God bless you! We say it in joy - ful tone;

FINE.


For safe in the Father's keeping We sure-ly can trust his own.
All glowing with golden promise, And ripe for the reap-ers' hands,
And promise that true to our Master, God helping us, ever we'll stand.
For safe in the Father's keeping We sure-ly can trust his own.


Good-bye! it is but for a moment; The way to our home lies straight;
And he that goeth forth weeping To scat-ter the pre-cious seed,
No harm shall touch his belov-ed, No pest - i - lence dread draw near;

D. C. for Refrain.


We'll enter it, some in the morning, And some in the evening late.
Shall doubtless come with rejoicing, Well laden with shining sheaves.
His hand shall shield from all e-vil, His presence shall banish fear.

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